

(2)

A

New Narrative OF THE POPISH PLOT,

Shewing the
Cunning Contrivance thereof;

WITH A

Signal Providence to this Nation in the Discovery
of It, and the Plotters; To the Confusion of the
wicked Papists, and to the great Comfort of all
good Protestants.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

The Contents of the FIRST PART.

*How Sir Godfrey is kill'd, how his Corps they hide,
Which brought out in Chair, a Horseback do's ride;
How Jesuits disguis'd, our Houses do fire;
How subly they Plot, and King's Death conspire;
Of drivers great Lords drawn in to their Bane,
An Irish Army, and Pilgrims from Spain.*

A

I. Good

I.

God People, I pray you, give ear unto me,
 A Story so strange you have never been told,
 How the Jesuit, Devil, and Pope did agree,
 Our State to destroy, and Religion so old
 To murder our King,
 A most horrible thing,
 But first of Sir Godfrey his death I must sing,
 For how're they disguise 't, we clearly can see,
 Who murder'd that Knight, no good Christian cou'd be.
The truth of my Story if any man doubts,
We have Witnesses ready to shew it all but

II. HTIW

AT Somerset house there is plain to be seen,
 A Gate which will lead you into the Back-Court,
 This *Place for the Murder most fitting did seem,
 For thither much People do freely resort.
 His Body they tofs'd,
 From Pillar to Post,
 And shifted *so often, 'thad like t'have been lost.
 To watch with *dark Lanthorn the Jesuits did go,
 But no ways distrusted our honest *Bedlo.
The truth of my Story, &c.

*Vid. Hill's Tryal.
 p. 16.

*Viz. 4 times,
 p. 18, & 19.
 *Vid. p. 18.
 *Vid. p. 31.

III.

Lest such close Contrivements at length might take Air,
 When as his dead Body corrupted did grow,
 They quickly did find an *Invisible Chair,
 And set him on *Horseback to ride at So-Hoe.
 His own *Sword to th' Hilt,
 To add to their Guilt,
 They thrust through his Body, but no blood was *spilt;
 T'have it thought he was kill'd by a Thief, they did mean,
 So they left *all's Money, and made his *Shoes clean.
The truth of my Story, &c.

*The Sentinels saw
 none. p. 69.
 *Vid. p. 20.
 *Vid. p. 35.

*Ibid.
 *Ibid.
 *Vid. Coroner's In-
 quest.

I.V. To

Harvard College Library,
 Loebelge Fund,
 October 25, 1935

IV.

TO shew now th' excess of *Jesuitical Rage*,
They this *Loyal City* to ruine would bring,
'Cause you *Citizens* are so *religious* and *sage*,
And ever much noted as *true* to your *King*;

T' your *Houses* they go,

With **Fire* and *Tow*,

Then **pillfer* your *Goods*, and 'tis well you *scape* so,
Y' have seen how they once set the *Town* all in *flame*;

Yet 'tis their best *Refuge*, if we believe *Fame*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. Dr. Oates's
Nar. p. 22.

* Ibid.

V.

BY **Bedla's Narration* is shewn you most clear,
How *Jesuits* disguis'd into *Houses* will *creep*,

In a *Porter's* or *Carman's* **Frock* they appear,

Nay will not disdain to cry *Chimney-sweep*;

Or sell you *Small-Cole*,

Then drop in *some hole*

A *Fire-Ball*, or thrust it up by a *long Pelan*;

But I now must relate a more *Tragical* thing,

How these *Villains* conspir'd to *murder* our *King*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. Dr. Nar. all
along.

* Vid. also Dr.
Oates's Nar. p. 68.

VI.

AT th' **White-Horse* in *April* was their main *Consult*,

Where a **Writing* these *Plotters* wickedly *frame*;

The **Death* of our *Sovereign* was the *Result*,

To which at least **Forty* all signed their *name*.

They would not do that,

In the place where they sat;

Trusty *Oates* must **convey*t from this man to that;

To make sure work, by **Royson* the *Deed* must be done,

And by a **long Dagger*, and **shot* from a *Gun*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. *Ireland's Try-*
al. p. 19.

* Ibid.

* Ibid.

* Vid. p. 26.

* Vid. p. 20.

* Vid. Oates's Nar.
p. 21.

* Vid. p. 47.

* Vid. *Pikering's*
Tryal. p. 23, &c.

For fear at St. Omer's, their Oates might be miss'd,
They agreed with a Devil to appear in his place.
In a Body of Air, believe it if you list,
Which lookt just like Omer's, and mov'd with the same grace;

'T cou'd Plot, it cou'd Cant,

Turn eyes like a Saint,

And of our great Doctor no feature did want.

Thus *hundreds might have seen they saw Omer's every day.

But true Oates was here, and the Devil saw they

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. St. Omer's
Certificate.

* Vid. also Jesuits
Tryal. p. 47, &c.

From Father Omer's *Commissions did come,

To take a great *Army much Treasure is spent;

The Old *Mans sentence think to take Port from Rome,

For to ride at the Head of them was his intent.

But *Bellus was fit,

Who can deny it,

To command in his place, when his Count would permit;

Lord *Stafford was prepar'd to trust with the *Army,

Old *Ratcliff to range them in Battle Array.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. Omer's *Nam
p. 58.

* Ibid.

* Ibid.

* Ibid.

The High *Treasurer's place the Lord *Powis did please.

Men of desperate Fortunes oft venture too far;

Lord *Peters wou'd hazard Estate, and his Ease,

And Life for the Pope too, in this Holy War;

Lord Arndel of old,

So warlike and bold,

Made choice of a *Chancellor's Gown we are told

All these did conspire with the Lord Castlemaine,

Whom now his good Dutchess shall ne'er catch again.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Ibid.

* Ibid.

* Ibid.

* Dr. Oates, saw
my Lord's Divorce,
as he swore before
the King, and Coun-
cil.

X.

Great store of wild **Irish* both civil and wise,
 Designed to join with the **Pilgrims of Spain*,
 Many **thousands* being ready all in good guise,
 Had vow'd a long *Pilgrimage* over the *Main*.

To arm well this Host,

When it came on our Coast,

* *Black Bills* forty thousand, are sent by the Post,

This **Army* lay privately on the *Sea-shore*;

And no man e're heard of them since or before.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. *Lords Journal*, as also *Langborne's Tryal*. p. 20.

* *Ibid.*

* *Ibid.*

* Vid. *Coleman's Tryal*. p. 23.

* Vid. *Journal*, and *Tryal*, ut supra.

The Contents of the SECOND PART.

Of Arms under ground for Horse and for Foot,
 The King almost kill'd, but Gun will not shoot,
 For which Pick ring is whip'd, All of them swear
 To be true to the Plot; yet Oates not for fear,
 But Revenge, being turn'd away, and well hang'd,
 Discovers them all; the Jesuits are hang'd.

I.

THe Plot being thus subtly contriv'd, as you hear,
 To God know's how many this **Secret* th' impart.
 Some famous for Cheats, yet their Faith they don't fear,
 To rye a *Knight* fast they had found a new Art.

They **swore* on a Book,

And **Sacrament* took,

But you'll find if into their grave *Authors* you look,

To forswear's no sin (as th' **Recorder* well notes)

Nor *Treason*, *Rebellion*, nor cutting of *Throats*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

* As appears in the several *Tryals*.

* Vid. *Ireland's Tryal*. p. 23.

* Vid. also *Hill's Tryal*. p. 32.

* Vid. his *Speech* in *Ireland's Tryal*. p. 81.

II. Still

II.

Still blinded with Zeal, and inveigled by Hope,
Store of *Arms* they provide for Fight and Defence,
The *Lords* must command, as *Vice-Roys* of the *Pope*,
And all over *England* they raise **Peter-pence*.

* Vid. p. 30.

Their *Letters* they send,

* Vid. *Jesuits Tryal*.

By * *Bedlo* their Friend,

p. 33.

* Vid. p. 29.

* Vid. *Dr. Oates's*

Nar. all along.

Or else by the * *Post*, to shew what they intend,
Some hundreds * *Oates* saw, which the *Jesuits* did write,
'Tis a wonder not one of them e're came to light.

The truth of my Story, &c.

III.

* Vid. *Coleman's*

Tryal p. 23.

* Vid. p. 40.

Pounds two hundred thousand they to * *Ireland* sent,
Fifteen thousand to * *Wakeman* for *Potions* and *Pills*,
Forty thousand in *Fire-Works*, we guess that they spent,
And at least *ten thousand* for the fore-said *Black Bills*;
Fifteen hundred more

* Vid. p. 21.

* *Grove* shou'd have, they swore;

* Vid. p. 24.

Four Gentlemen *Russians* deserved * *Four score*;
Pious Pickering they knew was of *Masses* more fond,
And for * *thirty thousand* they gave him a *Bond*.

* Vid. p. 21.

The truth of my Story, &c.

IV.

* Vid. *Ireland's Try-*

al p. 24.

* Vid. p. 25.

These two, to kill the *King* by *Promises* won
Had now watch'd for some * *years* in *St. James his Park*,
And *Pickering* who never yet * *shot off a Gun*
Was about to take aim, for he had a fair mark;

Just going to begin't,

He missed his * *Flint*,

* Vid. p. 24.

* Vid. *Jesuits Tryal*.

p. 33.

* Vid. *Ireland's Try-*

al p. 24.

And looking in *Pan* there was no * *Powder* in't;
For which, he their *Pardon* does humbly beseech,
Yet had *thirty good* * *lashes* upon his bare *Breech*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

V.

BUt a sadder mischance to the *Plot* did befall,
For *Oates* their *main Engine* fail'd, when it came to't;
No marvail indeed if he coulen'd them all,
Who turn'd him a * *begging*, and * *beat* him to boot.

* Vid. *Wakeman's*
Tryal. p. 73.
* Vid. *Jesuits Tryal.*
p. 91.

He wheeling about
The whole Parry did rout,
And from lurking holes did ferret them out;
Till running himself blind, *he none of them* * *knew*,
And *fainting at* * *Council*, he could not swear true.
The truth of my Story, &c.

* *Wak.* p. 30, & 55.
as also *Coleman's*
Tryal. p. 30.
* *Ibid.*

VI.

TO strengthen our *Doctor*, brave *Bedlo's* brought in,
A more *credible Witness* was not above ground,
He vows and protests what e're he had bin,
He wou'd not swear false now, for *five hundred pound*;

And why should we fear,
They *falsly* would swear,
To damn their own * *Souls*, and to lose by it here;
For *Oates* who before had no *Penny in Purse*
Discov'ring the *Plot*, was *seven hundred pound* * *worse*.
The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. *Wakeman's*
Tryal. p. 40.
* Thus *Dr. Oates*
and *Mr. Bedlo* af-
firm in *Langborne's*
Tryal.

VII.

TWo *Witnesses* more were let loose from the *Jayl*,
Though * *One*, 'tis confest, did run back from his word, * *Mr. Prance*.
In danger of life a good man may be frail;
And th' * *Other* they slander for cheating his Lord;

* *Mr. Dugdale.*

T' each one of these men,
The *Jesuits* brought * *ten*
To prove 'um in time and in place, but what then?
One *Circumstance* lately was sworn most clear
By a * *Man* who in hopes has four hundred a year.
The truth of my Story, &c.

* Vid. *Jesuits Tryal*
all along.
* Viz. That *Ireland*
was in *Town*, Aug.
19. *Wak. Tryal.* p.
22.
* *Mr. Jenison.*

VIII. Be-

• VIII.

BESIDES 'twas oft urg'd; We must always suppose,
To murder the *King* a great *Plot* there has bin,
And who to contrive it so likely as those
Who *Murders* and *Treasons* do hold for no *Sin*.

Things being thus plain
To plead was in vain,
The *Jury* instructed again and again,
Did find them all *Guilty*, and to *shew* 'twas well done,
The People gave a *Shout* for *Victory* won.
The truth of my Story, &c.

IX.

IT is strange how these *Jesuits* so subtle and wise,
Should all by the *Pope* be so basely trapan'd,
To hang with much comfort when he shall advise,
And go to the *Devil* too at his command.
He may give them leave,
To *lie* and *deceive*,

But what when the *Rope* do's of *Life* them bereave,
Can his *Holiness* think you dispense with that pain,
Or by his *Indulgences* raise them again?

The truth of my Story, &c.

X.

YET like Mad-men of *Life* a Contempt they express,
And of their own happiness careless appear;
For *Life* and for *Money* not one would confess,
Th' had rather be damn'd, than be rich, and live here;
But surely they ray'd
When *God* they out-brav'd,

And thought to renounce him *the way to be sav'd*;
And with *Lyes* in their mouth go t' *Heav'n* in a *string*;
So prosper all Traytors, and *God* save the *King*.

The truth of my Story, &c.

Concordat cum Recordo.

FINIS.

